

pouncing and hitting you like – *[putting two and two together]* like angry old right-wingers...

**Ziggy**

Don't sweat it. As long as I've got my *rock*, I can *roll* over a bunch of old grizzlies all day.

*[Lay down to take a nap, lights go down]*

**ACT 2, SCENE 1**

**Chorus, Kid** *[Jerry, Ziggy, and Del are asleep on-stage]*

**Chorus:** *[Song 1, sung to the tune of onward Christian soldiers]*

*[Offstage at first, entering one-by-one with signs and flashlights]*

Onward, Mama Grizzlies, marching as to war! / Get a move on, Margie, I know your knees are sore!

You used to be a trooper, sharp as shards of glass, / but now it's oh so tragic, Lurlene can whup your ass!

Betty Ann from Fresno, my fellow teabaguette, / where the fuck is Opal? She paid the final debt!

Those of us remaining, let's recall our youth! / But now we're getting older, longer in the tooth!

But you were there in Congress, in the good old days, / when we and Phyllis Schlafly killed the ERA!

We were backing Monica, and we screamed 'impeach!' / that would teach Slick Willy not to overreach!

*[grabs neighbor's boob]*

Hurry up now, ladies, Obama's goose is cooked. / Glenn Beck's got a list of names of pinko gubmint crooks!

Move along now, Grizzlies, shine your flashlights strong, / we've got to get there early, well before the dawn.

You can't trust these public roads not to make you late, / after all they're main-tained by the nanny state!

**Kid** *[breaking the spirit and the tempo of the song]*

Watch out for that dog turd, mom!

**Chorus Leader**

Why don't you light another candle, so I can see better?

**Kid**

Nah, I'll just use the gas lantern.

**Chorus Leader** *[smacking him on the head]*

Where'd you learn to waste fuel like that, especially when the oil supply's running low, you naughty narwhal! Don't you know those damn Arabs have all the oil? Another reason to *[all together]* *drill here, drill now!* Plus it's no skin off your back when it comes time to pay the gas bill.

**Kid**

Gee whiz, ma, if you smack me one more time, I'll leave you without the flashlight and call child protective services on you!

**Chorus Leader**

I've dealt with bigger bad guys than you, buster. Now, whatever can be keeping our fellow teabagger?

He should be out here to meet us. He's never lagged behind before – he's usually the first in line, and he

leads us in a rousing chorus of Yankee Doodle! Oh, he's quite hip to all the latest tunes! But come on,

ladies, gather together, gather together, let's call him outside with a song: Let our dulcet tones draw him out-of-doors!

**ACT 2, SCENE 2**

**Chorus, Kid** *[Jerry, Ziggy, and Del are asleep on-stage]*

*[Song 2, to the tune of Honky-Tonk Woman]* *[Kid plays the cowbell]*

Chorus: He's not outside his door today like always,

He doesn't seem to hear us when we growl.  
I hope he hasn't lost his giant flag now,  
'Cause it's time that we went marching on the mall.

*We're the mama... grizzlies.  
Where is, where is, where is our tea party man?*

Obamacare has given him a fever,  
Our Nanny state has sucked his juices dry,  
But buck up, buddy, now it's time to rally,  
Put on your t-shirt, grab your picket sign.

*We're the mama... grizzlies.  
Give us, give us, give us our tea party man!*

### **ACT 2 SCENE 3**

**Chorus, Kid, Phil O'Cleon [Jerry, Ziggy, and Del asleep]**  
[291-333 Songs 2 & 3, to the tune of Bohemian Rhapsody]

Kid: God damn these skin lice,  
They're really chomping me.  
I need a doctor,  
Who can rid me of Lyme disease.

Chor: There's just no way,  
We've got no policy....  
Don't need no healthcare,  
We've got our liberty --

Kid: But I'm itching here, itching there,  
Itching in my underwear,  
Doesn't really seem fair --

Chor: Just be happy that you're free!

Phil O'Cleon: Mamas, been cock-blocked here.  
Heard your voices through the wall,  
Couldn't answer when you called.  
Mamas, what can I do?  
These filthy hippies won't let me escape.

Mamas, oooh-oooh-oooooh!  
I just want to march with you,  
But if these fascists keep me here forever,  
Carry on, carry on,  
And bag some liberals for me!

Phil O'Cleon: Commie-hating Jesus, you love patriots and freedom.

Chor: Set him free!  
Set him free!

Phil O'Cleon: Turn me into a smoke stream!  
Thunderbolts and lightning,  
Blast me into nothing, please!

Chor: Phil O'Cleon!  
Phil O'Cleon: Mama Grizzlies!

Chor: Phil O'Cleon!  
Phil O'Cleon: Mama Grizzlies!  
Both: Phil O'Cleon / Mama Grizzlies!  
Let him / me go go go go go go.

## **ACT 2 SCENE 4**

*Phil, Chorus [Del, Jerry, and Ziggy asleep]*

**Phil O'Cleon**

*[Still singing, dancing like an idiot]* Make me a picket sign, take me to the rally.... *[realizing that everyone else has stopped...]*

**Chorus - Mama #2**

Who's playing gotcha with you and gotcha all locked up? You can tell us, we protect our kind.

**Phil O'Cleon**

*[Loudly]* My own damn son. *[Suddenly aware of his own volume]* Be quiet. He's sleeping like a baby. Keep it down.

**Chorus - Mama #3**

Well, whatda do, ya pansy? What's his excuse?

**Phil O'Cleon**

He won't let me out to rally and preach freedom. He's nannying me like the Swedish welfare state, and I can't stand it.

**Chorus - Mama #4**

That scarf-swaddled scum's mouthing off again? Just because you tell it like it is about the hippie young people? He wouldn't be so worried about it if he wasn't a Marxist wanna-be himself.

**Chorus Leader**

There's no time for freedom like the present. We've got to get you out from behind his petty little iron curtain.

**Phil O'Cleon**

Name the game. I would do anything. I've got such a jones to feel that mall grass under my feet, a picket sign in my hand!

**Chorus Leader**

Isn't there some hole you could climb out of? We could dress you in tie-dye and shredded jeans and he'd never notice you pass.

**Phil O'Cleon**

He's got this place more secured than the minutemen do Arizona. Not even a coyote could find a way through and I can't turn myself to dust.

**Chorus Leader**

What about Desert Storm? When you scaled that wall so quick you made the helicopter launch with minutes to spare? [

**Chorus**

*[Chanting, somewhat quietly on repeat: "Yes he can." Phil speaks over them]*

**Phil O'Cleon**

That was then...this is now. I was at my prime back then. I had guns *[kisses biceps]*. I could lie, cheat, and steal my way out of anything. And I didn't have government eyes constantly over my shoulder. Now

